

You will save 25 per cent. by getting your Printing done at JOHNSON'S  
Cheap Card and Job Printing Office, No. 5 North Tenth Street.

## MY GOOD OULD IRISH HOME.

AIR—*My Old Kentucky Home.*

Words written by JOHN L. ZIEBER, expressly for Mr. P. J. Gannon, the young  
Irish Comedian and Vocalist, and sung by him only.

Och my heart still yearns for my good ould Irish Home,  
Though grieving may all be in vain,  
Bad luck till the day that I ever thought to roam,  
For I'll never see my counthry again ;  
Methinks I can see my own little cabin door—  
The thought makes my poor bosom swell,  
But sad is my fate—I will never see it more—  
So my good ould Irish home fare thee well.

CHORUS:—Thin spake no more of comfort ; oh, spake no more I pray,  
For my heart still turns to the home I've left behind,  
To my poor, but happy home far away.

I'll sit no more by the bright and blazing fire  
Where the praties were boiling so rare ;  
I'll toil no more till my limbs begin to tire,  
With my heart rint with sorrow and care ;  
But the thought will come like a dhrame unto my mind  
And whisper so softly, yet plain,  
"Och Paddy, forget not the home you've left behind,  
Though you never may behold it again."

CHORUS:—Thin spake no more, &c.

Oh, my counthry I love, though it never may be free,  
But still 'tis my counthry the same,  
The time may come when 'twill gain its liberty,  
Thin Ireland may be proud of its name ;  
But fate has decreed, and my heart must be resigned,  
Though tears from my eyelids may swell ;  
Och, a few more prayers for the home I've left behind,  
Thin my good ould Irish home, fare thee well.

CHORUS:—Thin spake no more, &c.

JOHN L. ZIEBER                      Publisher  
Philadelphia. All the popular songs published and for sale wholesale



Can will save 25 per cent. by calling your printing here at 10 HENRY ST.  
 George Lind and Job Printing Office, No. 2 North Third Street.

# MY GOOD OLD IRISH HOME.

And—My Old Kentucky Home.

It was written by John L. Stanard, originally for Mr. E. J. Stanley, the young  
 Irish Gentleman and Gentleman, and sung to him.

Oh my heart will yearn for my good old Irish Home,  
 Though wherever I may be in time,  
 And one hill or one vale I ever thought to roam,  
 For I'll never see my country again.  
 We'll think of our own little cabin door—  
 The thought of our poor home is well,  
 But and a long time I will never see it more—  
 So my good old Irish Home has been well.

Chorus—This is no more of comfort, all again no more I care,  
 For my heart will never be the same I've left behind.  
 To my heart, but happy home is away.

It's no more of the light and dancing fire,  
 Where the green was in time;  
 I'll tell no more of my little cabin door,  
 With my heart run with sorrow and care;  
 But the thought will come like a dream into my mind,  
 And always as softly yet clear,  
 "Oh! I'll never see the home I've left behind,  
 Then, you never more behind is again."

Chorus—This is no more, &c.

Oh my country I love, though it never may be free,  
 But still in a country free  
 The time may come when I'll see the liberty,  
 Then, Ireland may be proud of its name;  
 But for the present, and my heart runs to my home,  
 Though I'll never see my country more,  
 For a new home I never have I've left behind,  
 This my good old Irish Home has been well.

Chorus—This is no more, &c.

JOHN L. STANARD, Publisher.  
 Philadelphia. All the papers were published and for sale wholesale.